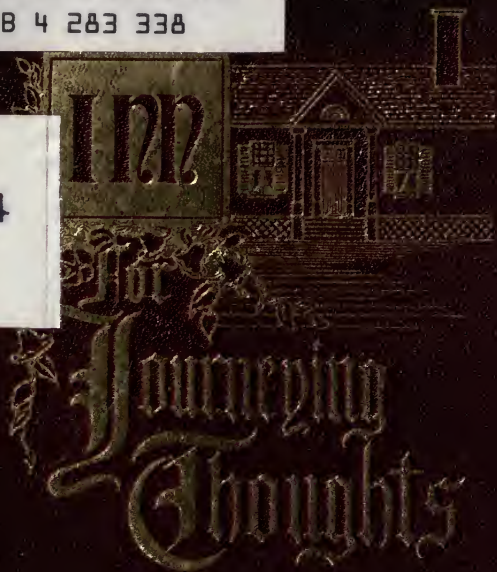


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An Inn For Journeying Thoughts

WILLIAM ROE



RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON

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In loving memory of my wife
MARY STUART NORTON ROE
whose never failing appreciation of
my work was always an inspiration

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INN FOR JOURNEYING THOUGHTS



A POET

A poet, like a child astray,
Hears a voice calling far away,
With something friendly in the tone
He does not wish—nor dare—disown.

What voice it is he does not know;—
Enough, 'tis happiness to go;
Yet troubled lest his gladsome cry
Be to the voice no fit reply.

FAIRY THOUGHT

One morn a fairy came to my door,
One I had never beheld before.
Sweet she was as all fairies are,
Bright her looks as the morning star,
Robed in a beautiful spirit dress,
Woven from heaven's loveliness.

"Tarry with me, dear Thought," I cried,
"Come now to my heart and be my bride."
"I come from the wonderful overhead.
"Are you the poet I seek?" she said,
Oh! love would never be love unless
All else forgetting. I answered, "Yes."

Then in a moment around her slipt
A dainty garment of manuscript.
I know my wooing was coarse and crude,
My words of welcome abrupt and rude.
She struggled a moment in sad surprise,
With quivering lips and tearful eyes.

"Why do you weep, dear Thought," I said,
"Do you long for the home you left o'erhead?
I love you, darling." She answered, "No,
If you loved me better you'd let me go.
I am immortal, nought else endures;
But I seek a poet, I can't be yours."

I knew the truth of the words she said;
'Twas only a poet Thought could wed.
So in a moment the fairy slipt
Out of my garment of manuscript,
And flitted away. I clasped instead
This vesture of words; my Thought had fled.

Only a rhymers—and yet I keep
An inn where journeying thoughts may sleep,
To tarry awhile, and then away,
With only longings and dreams for pay,—
A wayside inn on the crowded road
From living atom to living God!

VALOR

They said, How brave he was;—
Holding for death such scorn,
Leading the hope forlorn;
But 'twas not bravery;
He could not fear because
To live was slavery.

See, How he shrinks from strife!
Was e'er such craven born?
For in the hope forlorn
They marked his palor.
Loving, he gave his life;—
Ah, that was valor.

THE WINTER SEA

From horizon to horizon
The mounted waves ride madly on.
Their burnished armor gleams afar;
They leap across the outer bar,
And o'er the shallow's level plain
In one long furious gallop strain.
Up the glacis the dark blue ranks,
With pluméd helms and foam-flecked flanks,
In one wild onset plunge and leap
The lusty chargers of the deep.

But knight and steed go down before
The stubborn lines that hold the shore.
They rally even as they fall,
At the wind's whistling bugle call.
Again they charge. Oh! never yet
Were words to such wild music set.
With flaunting guidons of the foam,
And white-capped sabres on they come,
Fearless, and dealing blow for blow—
All the long winter charging so.

THE UNBELIEVER

From all the dreams behind me,
And all the fears before,
From dreams of light that blind me
The darkness shall restore.
From sullen sound or silence,
From cruel calm or vi'lence,
I'll seek the sable islands
Where thought shall vex no more.

Free from the glint or glowing,
To fret or fear no more;
Before the death-blast blowing
I'll seek the sable shore.
Beyond the murk and splendor,
The pageants cold or tender,
The wan white flags surrender,
And thought shall vex no more.

WOMAN

What should a woman be?
At the first all leal and true
When the song of love sing two.
What should a woman be
When her love is pledged to thee?
All purity.

What should a woman be
When the two to one have grown,
When each heart has found its own?
What should a woman be
When her life is linked to thee?
Sincerity.

What should a woman be?
(Still more love the angels bring;
Still the song of love they sing.)
What should a woman be
When the song of love sing three?
Maternity.

So should a woman be;
And whatever may befall
Let the song of love sing all;
So should a woman be,
So, love, am I to thee—
Fidelity.

ALPENGLOW

A youth stood looking across the lake—
Across the lake and the sun went down.
He tarried awhile for the beauty's sake;
But sighed as he turned again to the town.
The peaks were high and the sun was low,
And over the summits he saw the glow.

All the valley in night was wrapped,
But the icy mountains were clad in pink.
Thoughts of the valley asunder snapped;
He thought the thoughts that the mountains
think.
Cared he not when he saw the glow
That the peaks were high and the sun was low.

Toiling up on the mountain side
He whispered: Out of the world I tread.
Wider the world became, more wide
Became the wonderful overhead.
But the sun sank down, and the alpenglow
Was no longer there in the cruel snow.

NIGHT

Night is a sea whose shores
Are always day;
Life is a barque whose prow
Points but one way.
Upon that silent sea
Each night we set
Our sails, and leave the helm
And then forget.

No beacons light the shores;
We show no light.
An unseen helmsman guides
Our barque aright.
So, on the shore of time,
'Tis always day;
Life is a barque whose prow
Points but one way.

THE MOON WAS LOW

The moon was low and the night was late
As we said good-by at the garden gate.

Across the fields to the silver gloom
The camp gleamed white like a marble tomb.

He whispered softly: "At break of day
I march with the soldiers far away.

Will you give me a kiss before I go?—
Just one kiss, Mollie, you can't say no."

He looked so brave in his shoulder-straps;
Perhaps it was wrong,—and yet,—perhaps,—

When he asked for a kiss what could I say?
'Twere heartless to tell him to ride away.

Not a word of love had he said till then;
My mother had taught me to shun the men—

A boy like this did my mother mean?—
He was only twenty, and I sixteen.

I lifted my lips, and he bent his own—
A kiss—and I stood by the gate alone.

He leaped to the saddle; he touched the rein:—
"Oh! keep my kiss till I come again."

He rode away in the silver gloom
To the camp as white as a marble tomb.

The news came home from the cruel South,
And the kiss is like death upon my mouth.

FAIRY TALES

Outside the furies of the winter battled—the sleet
and the rain;

The chilled projectiles of the storm-fiend rattled on
the window pane.

In the dim dusk upon my heart reclining, my little
boy lay there,

The glowing brands upon his sweet face shining, on
his pretty hair.

I told of happiness,—the joy of duty that never
fails,

And then of Santa Claus and the beast and beauty,
—those fairy tales.

That night a stranger entered uninvited, to kill
my joy;

Death, the destroyer, all my heart hopes blighted,
he took my boy.

* * * * *

The years have gone—near thirty chill Decembers
—and another son

Sits with me in the dusk by glowing embers,—my
only one.

His voice is thick, and the noisome breath of liquor
makes foul the air;

On bloodshot eyes the fitful fire-gleams flicker—
on his tangled hair.

Over a little grave winds wail out yonder, and
the snowdrifts toss.

Which is the living one, my heart throbs ponder,
which the greater loss?

Ah, life and death,—both God's enduring giving,
can never fail;

Death is reality, and this cruel living the fairy tale.

WHITE TRUTH

A child who dwelt 'neath clouded skies,
Where the dull year it always rained,
Saw the sun glow with sad surprise,
And cried that all the land was stained.

So like poor children in the rain,
Beholding truth too bright to know,
We cry:—Alas! a stain—a stain!
When glimpses of God's glory glow.

THE LOST SWORD

(Read before the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, on the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

Sons of the men whose life-drops still
Quickened the soil of Bunker Hill;
Sons of the men who dared to bleed
For Philadelphia's Runnymede,
Hear how the dying patriot's sword,
Lost on the field, has been restored.

Year after year the ploughshare rolled
Over the sword a surf of mold,
And dashed from prow of reaping fleet
The summer corn, the winter wheat.

The autumn rain, the winter frost
Delved at the sword the soldier lost,
And in the depths of earth profound
Wrought the blind spinners of the ground;
Till—when the distaff's work was done,—
All the bright threads of steel were spun,—
The chemic weavers took the rust,
Wove it amid the feeble dust,
And mingled on the battle plain
The lost sword with the harvest grain.

'Twas this,—the iron in the bread—
On which our heroes since have fed;
That cried on dying Lawrence's lip:—
"Don't, comrades, don't give up the ship!"
That set the Constitution's sails;
Built the quick scarp of cotton bales;
That marched, with steadfast step and slow,

The weary leagues to Mexico,
And nerving all the blood, with Dade
Dyed the Floridian everglade:—
The force and fire a man should feel,
Tingling his blood—his father's steel!

I hold—as did the ancients hold—
That civic strife were best untold.
But hear the cannons' music roar,
Chanting the ritual of war,
When unto Ares' altar went
The states for Union's sacrament,
When sang th' epithalamium through
A million acolytes in blue.

Sons of the men whose life-drops still
Quickened the soil of Bunker's Hill,
Go to his tomb who gave the bride;—
He sleeps on sacred Riverside;
And—as the lily on her heart
Writes the great name of Bonaparte,
And clasp in mutual repose
The flower of York—Lancaster's rose,—
In a far nobler victory spare
Some of the laurel bourgeoning there,
And lay it where the palmetto weeps
On graves where Southern valor sleeps.

Sons of the men who dared to bleed
For Philadelphia's Runnymede,
By empire's starlight, moving West,
Decipher now her palimpsest.
Behold the wrecks of time's cyclone,—
The ruined realms the wayside strewn.
Learn how the ages past have fared
Lest danger find us unprepared.

Lest some bold power move too far
Towards our West his empire's star;
Lest we should find a treacherous guest,—
A viper in the eagle's nest,—
Hissing with putrifying breath
Some slimy, sinuous shibboleth;
Lest from a swamp of lawless law
Should crawl a peril none foresaw,
Learn of the past; they are not blind
Who face the dark with light behind.

Sons of the men whose life blood still
Quickens the soil of Bunker's Hill—
Why,—of our number gathered here
We'll find another Paul Revere,
Before the armed wrong to ride,
Crying:—"The sword is justified!"
"To bid the long-roll beat again;
"To rouse Columbia's Minute-Men."

When the best logic is to feel,
And subtlest reasoner—the steel,
The Sons shall hear that mid-night cry,
And for the right new Warrens die.

THEISS OF THE MONTEREY

When the battle bugles play,
And the battle-flags are flying,
Mid mad music of the fray,
'Tis not hard for soldiers—dying.

But when none is there to tell
Who would crave to dare or die?
Who would face the fires of hell—
Asking not—nor caring—why?

It was but the other day
One there was who knew not fear,
On the war-ship, "Monterey,"
Theiss, the gallant engineer.

His the best and bravest daring;
When the war-ship's boiler burst,
Not for gain or glory caring,
He was in the death-cloud first.

With the bravest volunteer
Who has gone his hero's way,
Rank him—Theiss, the engineer
Of the war-ship, "Monterey."

With his comrades of the crew,
Strong of heart and firm of lip,
While the death blast round them blew,
There they stayed to save the ship.

Of such stuff are heroes made;
With a will they worked away;
Life was duty, death their trade;
But they saved the "Monterey."

Nail our banner to the mast;
Of such spirits brave and bold,
He was neither first nor last;—
We've the metal and the mold!

FIVE YEARS

Arbitration—January 11th, 1897

Once more the skies o'erarching have thundered
hope to man,

And the murky clouds and solemn have broken
for the light;

Once more the ages marching to the mighty Cap-
tain's plan

Have wheeled in serried column to the morning
and the right.

Once more the sullen Furies to a new emotion
thrill;

Discomfited Abaddon crawls backward to his
den;

Loud the seraph's diapason, It is thus the laws ful-
fil,

While the hosts of glory gladden at the scratch-
ing of a pen.

The harpy and the condor from their cruel heights
repine,

And the jungle tigers tremble for the fate that
they foresee,

And wolf-men pause and ponder the march of the
divine

When Love need not dissemble and Hate shall
hate to be.

A flapping of the pinions that raise our fallen race,
A step of Truth advancing in the great and glad
campaign,—

Hide now, O Hell, your minions in terror and dis-
grace;

Five years exult entrancing for the thousand that
remain.

THE ISLANDER

Upon this island star of space
I hear the thundrous billows break;
Strange scenes arise before my face;
I start and stare—alive, awake.

Far seaward glints a parting sail;—
'Twas mine, 'twas mine, but how and when
I cannot tell, for memories fail
Of spirit things in lands of men.

Was I the captain of the barque
Whose crew rebelled and left me here?
O silence, answer; tell, O Dark,
Was I myself the mutineer?"

SONG OF THE MACHINE

In the ancient days when neighbor
Slew his neighbor for his lord,
When the sullen slaves of labor
Toiled to glut their master's hoard,
In the midst of desolation, called by tyrants sweet
accord.

Suddenly appeared a giant,
In full armor all arrayed,
On his lip a song defiant,
In his hand a battle blade,
And he blew a blast of terror, making all the land
afraid.

I am come, it rang, unwilling
Though the slaves I serve may be,
I am come, the laws fulfilling,
And I bid you yield to me,—
I, the great Jehovah's envoy, I am come to set you
free.

Slowly then the monster stalking
With a deft and deathly tread,—
As the kestral swoops when hawking,—
Where their humble board was spread,
Fearless of a mortal's balking, laid his hand upon
their bread.

Up each man springs, bold and eager,
To resist with tumult rude;
Should a stranger take his meagre
Portion of the toiler's food?
In the midst of desolation should a giant's strength
intrude?

While the women wept, bewailing,
With their long, disheveled hair,
While their tender hearts were failing,
Pouring out unanswered prayer,
Grieving for the little children that their nature
bade them bear.

Vain the struggle and defiance,
And the weeping women's gloom;
Not for nought God sends his giants
To uplift his people's doom,
Tho the frenzied mob of Lyons havoc wrought
with Jacquard's loom.

Tho the rider drive his rowel
Into fierce Apollyon's flanks,
And the lustful loom of Lowell
Decimates our maiden's ranks,
For the power of the giant to Jehovah be our
thanks.

When the fallacies that wrangle
Overcome themselves and die,
Truths shall rise like stars to spangle
All the blue-black, arching sky,
And the "thus" of Progress answers slowly all who
question why?

So the giant's potent glances
To the nations point the ways,
And to-morrow's light advances
With the waning of to-day's,
Till the world grows glad and gladder for the
might of yesterday's.

Till the toil of labor dwindles,
And the giant's work is done,—
All the reapers and the spindles
By his mailed hand are run,
Till a child shall touch a button for the throttle of
the sun.

PART II
DEVOTIONAL

THE CHRIST

When a pure and virgin mind,
Free of rancor and of guilt,
Feels its puny self resigned,
Saying calmly, As thou wilt;
In some fitting place and clime,
In some great, immortal hour,
In the fullness of all time,
By o'ershadowing of Power—

Then—immaculate and true,—
Christ has been conceived for you.

When the gift surpassing all,—
Man or woman, wife or maid,—
On the throne or in the stall,
Has been reverently laid;
When the hidden things grow plain,
To thy majesty restored;
When the Magi of the brain
Bow before their conscious lord;

Then indeed, Oh! then, for you
Has been born the Christ—the true.

These are they who cannot fail
On their journey towards the light—
They who gather in the vale
Strength to climb the mountain height;
Patient age or earnest youth;—
Ye who live to serve the true;
Who would gladly die for truth,
Know the Truth has died for you,

Then indeed the Christ—the True—
Has been crucified for you.

ANTHEM
NO KING BUT GOD

(Set to music by Harry Rowe Shelly, and sung by
the Chorus at the Centenary of the close of
the Revolution, Newburgh, N. Y., Oct.
18, 1883.)

Once on this holy hill
Rang out with mighty will
A voice now cold and still
Under the sod.
Here where to-day we stand
Our gallant fathers' band
Proclaimed to all the land:—
No King but God!

Send forth that shout once more
That echoed here of yore,
Till every distant shore
That e'er was trod
Shall hear that olden cry,
No tyrant shall come nigh;
We will be free, or die—
No King but God!

Where Washington dashed down,
With an indignant frown,
Of old the royal crown
And tyrant's rod.
Here where we stand to-day,
The young, the strong, the gray,
We all arise and say:—
No King but God!

"THEY HAVE TAKEN AWAY THE LORD"

They came in the early morn,
The tender sisters, to find him;
They found but the linen clothes
That he left in the tomb behind him.
And one, seeing only the garb
In which she had loving arrayed him,
Cried, "They have taken the Lord,
"And I know not where they have laid him."

I go to the parish church,
And my arms and my heart are reaching
Forth for the crucified Christ,
And I long for the good old preaching.
But I seek in vain for the flock
Who of old would have loved and obeyed him;
"They have taken away my Lord,
And I know not where they have laid him."

They hail him King of the Jews,
Or they mock and deny and deride him.
Alas! there is none upon earth
That I should desire beside him.
They have taken him out of the heart,
And in gorgeous purple displayed him;
"They have taken away my Lord,
And I know not where they have laid him."

They cry in the street from the dawn
To the dark, "He is here; we have found him."
I ask for the risen Christ,
But they show me the linen that bound him.
The infidel press and the men
Who of old would have scourged or betrayed
him
"They have taken away my Lord,
And I know not where they have laid him,"

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

Now Azrael's trumpet is sounding
The judgments of Fate to decide,
And Power from coffers abounding
The doom of the dead shall provide.

Three thrones in that hideous hour
Frown over a terrified host,
Three spirits of infinite power—
The God and the Christ and the Ghost.

Here none can deny or dissemble,
And none can avert or evade,
And even the holiest tremble
In fear of the law disobeyed.

The few who are called unto glory
Are mocking the millions of shame,
And boasting because of the story
That saved by the mystical name.

Though safe from the doom of immortals
Condemned to eternity's loss;
Though I came to the heavenly portals
Serene with the sign of the cross,

I feel to the depths of my being
That judgment like this is unfair;
With the ransomed I am not agreeing,
But blush to be found with them there.

With horror and piteous pleading
I turn from the God and the Ghost,
And call for the Christ's interceding
For them who are needing it most.

THE BLACK WOLF'S KEY

I dwelt in a cot with my children three;—
Children and cot were all that were mine;
Healthy, and happy, and heartfelt were we,
In the home hewed out of the haunts of pine.

We had neighbors none, but a bad, bad one,
Who told of the wolf while I dived away;—
Never a worse day's work can be done
Than a tongue can do with nothing to say.

Better a mouth had been born dead-dumb
If it call the beast from the haunts of pine;
If ye tell of the wolf, why, the wolf will come,
Tho' never before had been sound or sign.

That night he came in the dismal dusk,
And howled on the marge of the haunts of pine:
"Come, give me fare, that I whet my tusk;
Give up your children; they're mine; they're
mine."

I had laid me down on my pallet bed;
Already asleep were my children three;
"Come, hasten, I famish," the black wolf said,
"Now hasten, and open the door for me."

Then I got me up in the dismal dusk;—
Oh, I got me up to the roof-tree, there—
"Ha! ha! thou wolf, we are safe from thy tusk;
Be famished or fat; we are not thy fare."

"Ye cannot climb up the wall so steep;
Ye cannot get at my children three;
So be ye famished; they'll bide asleep;
The door is fast, and I've got the key."

The black wolf grinned a horrible grin—
A horrible grin of fangs and foam—
“Oh, never you fear but I can get in;
I need no key to open your home.

“But woe to the wight who gives not up
At beck of the beast his children three;
To show how easy it is to sup
Now out of your hand I call the key.”

I had taken the key from off the shelf;—
Oh! I gripped it close; but a moment more,
And out of my clutch it twisted itself;
At the beck of the beast unlocked the door.

“Ho! wolf, black wolf, take me instead;
To die for love is the death to die;
Ho! wolf, black wolf, and ye must be fed,
I'll furnish the fare for you,” quoth I.

“Keep out, keep out of my open door;
Come, eat ye of me, but spare ye mine.”
Now hail to the life of the evermore,—
For the black wolf fled to the haunts of pine.

O, chrisom children, for evermore
Ye all shall live, wherever ye be;
For I, who stand at the open door
Of death and of hell have got the key!

THE CONTINUING CITY

They laid me here a century ago,—
In the grave-ground of the ancient parish.

From the belfry
Tolled the slow bell of solemn Trinity.
They laid me here and missed me for awhile—
The few who loved me. Then—not love grew
cold.

But Love's season,
Having passed th' autumnal equinox,—
The aftermath of memory gathered,—
Ended in the winter of forgetfulness.

From my low grave I've watched the city chang-
ing,

In its swift growth from lowly habitations;
Ever growing
Greater and grander and more beautiful.
Till now I see the sordid world encroaching,
O'er the spire of solemn Trinity,—
Life's lustful greed,—

The anti-Christ of tyranny and greed,—
The anti-Christ of lust for power and gold,
Dwarf the God-likeness of this sacred spot.

Now ye who move are not unlike to me;
Your body is a spirit's sepulchre,

Deeply hidden,
Changeless, but ever changed, its habitation.
For here is no continuing city;
But events pass like a moving picture
Before the soul:—

The childish days, while the unconscious one
Flits like a bee;—youth garnering thoughts,
Manhood experience, old age regrets.

Ye tell me I am not and cannot do;—
That yours is all the power and the will;—
 See the dead smile;
For all the changes you yourselves have made
Are wrought by them who long since have been
 dead;—
New combinations,—forms of art eternal,—
 Feel our dead hand
Touching a lever in the ghostly past;
Hear our mute voice—signal to future genera-
 tions—
Calling and commanding them:—Arise!

IN HIS PRINCELY PLACE

When the royal One was born,
Child of Mary, mother maid,
On this white and wintry morn
In the lowly manger laid,—
He was in his princely place,
Lord and lover of our race.

Through the life he lived alone,
Mocked and feared, betrayed, denied,
Lifted on the cruel throne
Where for love of man he died,—
He was in his princely place,
Lord and lover of our race.

Through the ages of the past
While the mold was shaped and made
For the perfect image cast,
God in man, tho long delayed,—
He was in his princely place,
Lord and lover of our race.

Through the ages swift or slow,
On the further fairer side,
In the gloom or in the glow,
Whether crowned or crucified,—
He shall keep his princely place,
Lord and lover of our race.

When the phantoms of our doubt
One by one are stilled or slain,
All the cunning thieves cast out
From the temple of the brain,—
He shall keep his princely place,
Lord and lover of our race.

When the cruel thoughts we think
 Shall give room to truths we know, —
When on time's remotest brink,
 To his greatness man shall grow,
He shall keep his princely place,
Lord and lover of our race.

CITY OF THE STRANGER'S GATE

'Twas night when Christ and his disciples came
Unto the city of the Stranger's gate:—
"Now lead thou us," said Peter; "By thy name
We walk;" but Jesus said: "We wait."

They tarried by the gate, till thro the gloom
A torch-light sparkled in the distance dim:
"Behold our guide," said Jesus, "to illume
Our way. Arise; we follow him."

The torch drew near. Then the disciples knew
That he who bore it was a publican;
And they said: "Oh, Master, is it true
Thou wilt be guided by so base a man?"

Then answered Christ: "Oh, pitiful and strange;
How long, how sad the weary way must be
Till the world's heart shall find its heavenly change
And know My Father's Soul that lives in me."

"I am the word I told ye long ago;
Hear once again the message in the night;
Follow thou Me. And yet on earth below,
'Tis not the man ye follow, but the light."

THE USURPER'S ASSASSIN

Yes, it was true; I died and found it true;
There was a god, imperial one of all.
Before his throne I stood, by demons led,
And manacled with gyves of sophistry,
And heard him ask in awful thunder tones,
Had I believed in Jesus upon earth.

And when I answered: Nay, I never did;—
Not as a god, but as a man like me,—
A man who lived and loved, suffered and died for
truth,
God's face grew grave. Go hence, he fiercely said,
And tarry where departed spirits stay,
Worthy or worthless, still the archangel's trump.

I bowed my head. 'Tis futile to resist
Resistless power. And yet, O, God, I said,
Thou, knowing all things know'st I loved the
true,—
So loved I Jesus. Dost thou dare to damn
That sort of lover? If thou dost I go
Following Jesus—crucified for truth.

But God said nothing, and around his throne
The choired seraphs chanted forth his praise.
Heard I their music as I sped away,
Dragged forth from Paradise, whilst devils grinned,
And leered and mocked and whispered in my ear:
Too late, too late, Earth was the place of fate.

Far from the halls of bright Alcione I dwelt
A myriad ages. Can I tell to flesh of fleshless
things,
Of spirits disenthralled? Nay, 'tis impossible.

Afar I dwelt, and toiled and learned my task.
Oh! I was patient, waiting, hoping still,
And ever frugal, saving thought for use.

The cycles sped. But every day and hour
New denizens came in—th' innumerable dead,—
From every star and planet of the immeasurable
void,
And from my home on earth—came mournful in,
All manacled with thoughts. In dire despair
They dropped their chains. I saved them every one.

And whilst the throng in helpless, hopeless shape,
Dallied with destiny and scowled at chance,
In the recesses of my indignant soul
I lit the fires of reason, built a forge,
And after ages of the weariest work,
Fashioned a dagger wrought from thoughts of men.

When it was done I hid it underneath
The mantle of my soul, and waited still,
Waited and watched for freedom—that great right
Of free-born souls that not e'en death,
Nor demons, fires of hell, nor God
Himself dare trifle with nor take.

Then the time came (for howsoever watched
And guarded, bolts nor bars, nor any power
Can stay the righteous spirit in its flight)
Forth through the abyss of space I flew,
Armed with my dagger on and on and on,
Till in the heart of Paradise I stood
Once more before the throne of Deity.

God sat unconscious, dealing out their doom
To countless new immortals—maids and men.

To all he asked that question, full of fate,
Had they loved Jesus? Oh! the wails that mixed
With the angelic chorus would have moved
Th' insensate rock. They did far more;—they
moved a soul.

That soul was mine. Oh! God, I cried, relent;
Forego thy wrath and let thy children live!
And when God would not, all at once leaped up
The dagger I had forged, and of itself
Sprang from my grasp and hurtled 'gainst God's
heart,
And smote him on his throne, and there he died.

The wails and music ceased, and for a time
A mighty silence. In the holy hush
(So vast I heard a child who prayed for light
In the far Earthland) rose a sweet fond voice,
Saying: My brother, welcome, welcome here—
Brother Redeemer, thou canst love me now.

For he who sat upon my father's throne
Was an usurper, crowned by rebel man:
Satan his name,—not God—for in my heart
He reigns, in thine, and in the hearts of all
Who love and trust and serve and follow truth,—
For faith in Truth was ever faith in God.

Then seraphs came, and angels bright and pure,—
All the innumerable hosts of Heaven—
Brought forth the royal diadem, and crowned
Jesus the God-man to his throne restored.
So Power fulfilled what love of Truth began,
And universal mercy reigned and peace.

IMMORTALITY

Forget the craft of creeds at strife,
Nor fear what death may give;
He surest holds immortal life
If what he leaves shall live.

PROGRESS

Swiftly now the shadow gathers
Over creeds we held so true—
On the faith that served our fathers
And the hope that once we knew.

Though our olden forms surprising
With an aspect fierce and strange,
Truth advances, ever rising
To a freer, nobler range.

Timid dwellers in the valley
At the shadow shrink dismayed,
Or, like slavish Romans, rally
For the Vandals' torch and blade;

But to braver souls and stronger,
Further up the mountain height,
All the shadows growing longer
Only prove advancing light.

PART III

MYSTIC, METAPHYSICAL AND INTEL-
LECTUAL

LEFT WITH THE FLOWERS

The country graveyard was overgrown,
Grasses and weeds and flowers and ferns,
Over the crumbling prayers in stone,
Clambering over the quaint old urns,
Clambering over the mounds of clay,
Flowers and vines were all at play.
Hark! And all at once they were still;
They heard a rattling over the hill.

The brown leaves fell and a cold wind blew;
The gates of the graveyard opened wide;
A little white hearse ('Twas a child had died)
A little white hearse came rattling through.
So long it had been since a grave was made,
What a grave was for the flowers forgot;
The wild-rose lifted her head in the shade,
Crept close to the aster Forget-me-not,
And wondering all and half afraid,
They heard the crumbling prayers of breath;
Heard for the first time talk of death.

Because it was only a baby had died
No one there but its mother cried;
But she—the only one in the crowd—
She could not pray, but she sobbed aloud.
Her tears fell fast on the sweet dead face,
Holding it close in a last embrace.

The wild-rose looked in timid surprise;
The daisy lifted its wondering eyes.
The flowers heard what the preacher said;
They thought they knew what it meant to be dead,
And death to them, they could not doubt,
Was hardly a matter to grieve about.

"Have you forgot," said the golden-rod,
"All that the preacher said about God?"
The aster sighed:—" 'Tis a wonderful thing.
Did no one tell him about the spring?"

After a while a stone was put
On the little grave, and a prayer was cut—
A pitiful, crumbling prayer in stone,—
Where the baby was left with the flowers alone—
Left with the flowers (Oh! wonderful thing
That even a mother should fret or fear,
Knowing the round of God's great year,)
Left with them to await the spring!

THE CAVERN OF THE ENCHANTED TRUTHS

In a cavern domed with blue,
Lit by light shafts piercing through,
Columns hold th' entablature
Of the caverned corridor.

Far along the trodden floor,
Gliding as on waterways,
Noiseless down the corridor
Come the truths of other days.
One by one at Duty's call
They have left their pedestal,
Peaceful and invincible.

Long they waited for their hour,
For th' awak'ning call of Power;
One by one they joined the plan
Of the destiny of man.
Joyous, beautiful are they
Marching on their perfect way.

Silence yet unbroken lies
O'er the future's mysteries;
But on either side the path,
On the way that all must tread,
In stark semblance of death,
Sit the truths that are *not* dead:

Mighty thoughts that yet must be,
Waiting for the wakening wand,—
For the word to set them free,
Sometime in the vast beyond—
In the caverned corridor
Waiting God's ambassador.

Placid shapes or forms of ire,
Arméd with the arms of fire;
Staring eyes that never saw,
 Open lips that never spake;
Such as wait th' eternal law,
Underneath the azure arch
Wait to join the joyous march,
 When Power shall cry:—Awake!

MY SOUL

With God's crown upon my head
Here I reign in royal red.
None hath ever seen my face,
Entered in my holy place;
Yet my courtiers bring me here
Tidings from my far frontier,—
Ear that hears and eye that sees—
Tribute of my satrapies.

Though I speak in sibyl speech,
Simple souls my marvels teach.
Some day in the future hid,
Of these tawdry trappings rid,
I shall leave this paltry state,
I shall pass my palace gate,
I shall seek a brave renown,—
Take the sword, but keep the crown.

With the arms my faith has skilled,
With the ranks my ardor thrilled:—
Barren wastes I decked with corn,
Hearts made glad I found forlorn,
Doles that 'minished my scant hoard,
Hopes astray to truth restored,
Lowly worms I would not tread,
Words of passion left unsaid;

These invincible shall wait
Marshalled at my palace gate.
Wondrous regions unexplored
Yet shall hail me as their lord.
I shall seek a mightier marge,
I shall see my realm enlarge,
I shall win a brave renown,—
Take the sword, but keep the crown.

OUT OF THE GREAT TRIBULATION

The ages bred the monster that the godly man
might breathe;

A union of strange elements discordant filled the
air;

For the fruitage of the vineyards all the red vol-
canoes seethe,

And the foul things and the foolish for the good
and wise prepare.

Fear not, the hosts of happiness have wrought their
best for men;

The pestilence and famine and the cobra's deadly
tooth

Are but the forge's sparkles that wrought the
plough and pen—

The chipping of the marble for the lovely form
of Truth.

From the slime of black morasses are the whitest
lilies grown;

By the manger in Judea was the Lord of Loving
born;

And the jewel sparkling clearest on the brow upon
the throne

Was the drop of blood that trickled from the
sharp and savage thorn.

Fear not, O weary mortal, nor let your heart dis-
may

When the evil is exalted, and the right is thrust
aside

For the conquest and the victor take a grander,
greater way,

And the throne is on the scaffold when the king
is crucified.

THE SEAL

By the mighty hand of Power,
On the scroll of the molten rocks,
With the awful earthquake's stylus,
In the script of the Equinox,

God wrote his wonderful message,
To serve while time should last,
To tell to the future ages
Of them that made the past.

And when the message was written
God took the seal of his plan,
And stamped on the wax of nature
His likeness—the image of man.

Would'st know the wondrous meaning,
O, Seal, of the power impressed?
Would'st thou read the ancient language
Of the infinite palimpsest?

Beware, O, curious mortal!
(It was God himself who spoke)
How canst thou read my message
Till the seal I have set be broke?

THE ARGONAUT

Forth from thy wharves, city of greed and rancor,
Of pride and wrath,
I set the sail, and slip the rusted anchor
For the pathless path.

I know the bearings of the land Forever
Beyond our sleep;
There is a harbor for the barque Endeavor—
Across the deep.

There, in the haven that my soul awaited,
I'll disembark,
With the rich cargo that these shores have
freighted—
To sail the dark.

ASTEROID

Round and round upon the track
Of the circling Zodiac
Coursed the runners,—planets seven
In the Olympiad of Heaven.

There the mighty-minded Greek,
Feeble-visioned vainly seek
For the planet of the void,—
For the missing asteroid.

In the old Athenian school,
By the epicycle's rule,—
All in vain they sought, for yet
'Gainst the star no lens was set.

Boys, dear boys, I love you so;
Yet there's love you cannot know.
Years ago, but not to stay,
Came a sister, for a day.

As the mighty-minded Greek
For my missing star I seek;
And I call the darkness through:—
Darling! darling! where are you?

While I seek through all the void
For my missing asteroid,
And my longing eyes in vain
For a glimpse of glory strain;

While the hideous blank of death
Only mocking answereth,
And I turn in dumb despair
That my darling is not there;

I remember—Yet, Oh! yet,
Sometime shall the lens be set.
Oh! my baby, Oh! my star!
Darling! darling! There you are!

THE NATURAL BODY

Root from which the flow'r has blown;
Nest from which the bird has flown;
Prison pen whose walls are scaled;
Port from which the soul has sailed.

IN THE GARDEN OF GOD

"Maker and keeper of life," cried the rose to the
sun,
Let it always be day;
Let me dwell in thy light; send the cloud and the
rain,
And the darkness away."

"Give me wings that I rise from this close-clinging
mold
That thy glory impedes;
That I live in thy light, lift me up to thy height,
And away from the weeds."

"Nightfall and rainfall are mine,"—said the sun
to the rose,
"And the close clinging mold.
In the dark and the damp there my angels en-
camp,—
There thy wings shall unfold."

"Rebel, incredulous rose in the garden of God,
Knowing not how to pray,
With disdain for the light and the height in the
rain,
And the dark, and the clay."

ALCYONE

On the banner of the sky
Stars of light unnumbered lie.
Unto one—O! king of these—
Monarch of the Pleiades,
Thought a moment rests on thee—
Hail. O, king Alcyone.

While our planet sweeps around—
In Orion's bondage bound,
Now in chilly dark arrayed—
Death the winter, sin the shade;
Turned away from thy delight
'Tis our winter; 'tis our night.

Yet thy summer glows afar
On some better favored star.
As the Arab poet saw
Love shine thro the mists of law,
So again a poet sees
Influence of the Pleiades.

Sees a star with sure redress
For our earthly heartlessness;
In whose realm the faith is sure—
All the longings great and pure—
Somewhere, somewhere,—this I know,—
Love, thy summer glories glow.

In the rays of reason we
Live, O, Love, in hope of thee.
Turn, O, wondrous cycle, turn;
Let thy glory o'er us burn;
We are weary, thou slow-paced;
To our summer haste, O! haste.

SLEEP

From yard to yard the sails are spread;
The pilot holds the willing wheel;
Between the far blue overhead
And blue below now slips the keel.

Masthead ahoy! A sail! a sail!
Swift speeding comes a flying bow;—
Close, closer, near, now on the rail,
A stalwart ghost commands us now.

His bosen's whistle pipes a blast;
Starboard and port, and fore and aft;
From yard and deck, from bow and mast,
Captain and crew give up the craft.

Then on and on we reckless go,
Heedless of shoal or looming lee;—
'Twixt blue above and blue below
The guiding ghost steers o'er the sea.

EVOLUTION

O, Brain disdain your reasons old!
O, Heart, be strong and free!
Whoever told the cold brown mold
Of blossoms yet to be?

O, Heart and Brain, be undismayed!
Forego your long dispute;
The power that made the blossoms fade
Can bring the ripening fruit.

THE BABES OF THEMIS

In the oriel window on the street
A fair young mother holds her baby sweet,
Her dear first-born arrayed in lawn and lace,—
A smiling future and a smiling face.

Beneath the window, on the torrid street,
A wretched woman wanders in the heat,
Holding a wan white baby, her disgrace—
A scowling future and a scowling face.

Unseen between them is a phantom fair,
Whose robe is love, whose home is everywhere.
Scales in her hand she sits with blinded eyes,
And smiles and scowls and squanders—or denies.

O, childless goddess, shall it ever be
The human mother-heart unknown to thee?
Hark! From the cloud I hear a voice divine:—
“Mortal, be silent, both the babes are mine.”

POLARIS

Truth is a circle; the soul an arc,
Holding the helm of this mortal barque,
Sailing over the fathomless brine
Of the sea of the world for a port divine.

The foolish pilot may drop the lead
In the unfathomed sea, but overhead
Is the mighty North that I know is mine,
To guide me over the trackless brine.

The clouds of night are dark and wet.
Strap the helm! Let the sails be set.
Clouds may curtain the northern star;
But safe in the ship I sail afar.

The night is dark; but Polaris' fire
Unseen discloses my soul's desire.
And fearing nothing, I sail afar—
In the midst of the ship I bear the star.

PART IV
HUMOROUS

SPRINKLED RHYMES

A man I knew, when the weather was hot,
Held over his head a wateringpot,
And sprinkled himself and growled for an hour,
And fancied it all was a thunder shower,
Till, when he was tired, he said: "Now there!
The trouble I've taken will cool the air."

So many a rhymster oft mistakes
For Olympus's thunder the noise he makes;
With watery words he'll take such pains
That some are persuaded it really rains.
What a pity it is! for one despairs
That the trouble he takes will cool *his* airs.

A SEPTEMBER IDYL

They sat close as could be
'Neath the shade of a tree—
An apple, with fruit heavy laden,—
A young man, city bred,
With some "cults" in his head,
And a simple and practical maiden.

With a look of despair
The youth rumbled his hair,
And quoth—after quoting some Byron—
"Hear the winds sigh and moan
As the tree boughs are blown,
Like lost spirits whom tortures environ."

But the girl had a charm
(For she lived on a farm)
That with such silly sentiment grapples:—
"Yes," she said, "that is true,
And you'd sigh and moan too
If you were as full of green apples."

PUZZLED.

Oh! what shall I do? I'm lost and lone,
The fancies of childhood all outgrown;
Life is a riddle and living a bore;
I do not believe in things any more.

I've guessed and guessed till I'm tired out;
Till I'm tired of lies, and tired of doubt;
Tired of things that I can't explain,
And tired of things absurdly plain.

I will not guess nor think any more;
I will look behind instead of before;
I'll be as stupid as I can be,
And somebody else shall guess for me.

CHARACTER

High temper, guided by high wit,
Can load and aim and fire and hit.

But anger really nothing foils,
The shoulder's hurt, the piece recoils.

Or the charge fizzles,—nothing's done
But miss the mark or burst the gun.

AMBITION

At ten years old, or somewhat later,
Tom Smith resolved to be dictator;
But at fifteen was quite content
With being one day president.

At twenty all his mind was set
On Congress or the cabinet.
At thirty—having grown much wiser—
He sought the place of supervisor.
He had (and paid for) an ovation,
But failed to get the nomination.

'Twas then, with politics disgusted,
With temper riled and wallet busted,
He sought the post of an inspector
Of Customs from the Port Collector.

He's sixty now, and one may wager
That he will die a simple gager.

SIGNS AND WONDERS

When first to keeping house we went,
My wife and I agreed
My part should be providing cash,
And hers providing feed.

I like good living. Who does not?
My wife has sense enough;
But somehow, almost every time,
We found the turkey tough.

I never sneered, much less reproached,
But always blamed the knife,
Or called the marketman a cheat;—
That's how to treat a wife.

One day, not feeling very well,
She asked,—would I prefer
To have for dinner corn-beef hash,
Or buy a fowl for her.

Said I,—“My dear, you know so much,—
So ignorant am I,—
Please tell me so I'll understand,
What sort of fowl to buy.”

Then Helen (That's her pretty name)
Explained in some detail
The way to tell a tender bird—
A way that couldn't fail.

“You feel his breast,” she said, “and then
You twist his wing just once—”
So she went on to tell about
A lot of other stunts.

I did not sneer,—some husbands do;—
I have known those who swore,—
Nor did I ask her why her way
Had failed so oft before.

* * * * *

The marketman smiled sweetly. "Sure,
I've got the bird you need.
Just feel his breast and twist his wing;—
Fine turkey, sir, indeed."

Said I,—“Not so, friend marketman.
Take one good look at me.
Feel if you like my dogged jaw,
My Roman nose you see.”

A wild expression crossed his face;
I saw the sweet smile cease.
It seemed at first he'd twist my nose,
Or call for the police.

“Those signs,” I quickly added, “mean
The man who keeps his word.
I want a tender turkey, so
I'll let *you* choose the bird.”

“If all goes right, I'll buy of you,
Nor try the other men;
But if your turkey turns out tough,
I'll never come again.”

The smile went back. So did that bird,
At once upon his hook.
From somewhere else that marketman
A tender turkey took.

* * * * *

Since then—'Twas many years ago—
The task's been mine to buy;
The turkeys never have been tough—
And Helen wonders why!

BURGLAR ALARMS

Most of the dwellers on our street
 (Including me, the bard)
Last summer stayed through all the heat
 Because the times were hard.

The Hotchkisses (who lived next door)
 Had closed their house and left
Burglar alarms on every floor
 To guard their goods from theft.

'Twas late one pleasant sultry night,
 When with a grewsome clang,
That gave us—one and all—a fright,
 All those alarm bells rang!

Then we upon the porch ran down,
 And those within ran out;
'Twas quite unusual in our town,
 But burglars;—none could doubt.

While we all gazed at Hotchkiss's door
 Until the clang should cease,
Round the adjacent corner tore
 Two of our brave police.

We all were brave enough, no doubt
 To face the awful din,
And yet somehow we stopped without
 And let the cops go in.

Five minutes—ten—on went the sound ,
 The police reappeared;
No trace of burglars had they found,
 And they were plainly "queered."

With faces ghastly white, their looks
Made plain a "state of mind;"
In short, they laid the noise to "spooks,"
And left their wits behind.

"Spooks nothing!" spoke a piping voice,
"Ye're way off from yer base;"
'Twas Pat, our little grocery boy,
Pat, of the smiling face.

"It aint no burglars neither, man;
That burglar game's a skin;
'Twas only Jimmy Madigan;—
He done it wid a pin."

Then Patsey ambled down the way,
Towards the area door,
And showed what made the button stay,
And caused the grewsome roar.

The neighbors all praised little Pat,—
Who answered with a grin;
The police snarled: "Get out o' that,
Or we will run yez in."

* * * *

We read—in lots of magazines—
Of "science" just begun;
Of wondrous "psychic" ways and means,
Of marvels told and done.

I am not one to sneer or scoff
At frauds I can't expose;
I wait,—when these alarms go off—
Till some one comes who knows.

Be wise,—you “psychologic” sharp,
And take this precept in:—
The “spook’s” some Jimmy Madigan,
Who “done it” with a pin!

THE SAME OLD CHOICE

Now thanks be praised, at last we know
Where both the parties stand,
As with their ballots forth they go
To save their native land.

For morals one goes forth to slay,
And eke for labor too,
To make a Yankee Sabbath day
Where all the laws are blue.

For labor now the others go,
And eke for morals' sake,
To let the liquor freely flow
And lawless laws to make.

The same old grind comes round again;
The same old parties come;
The same old choice for honest men
'Twixt tweedledee and dum.

COOPERATION

With transportation rates so great,
And produce price so small,
The farmer found—unhappy fate—
He did not thrive at all.

“’Tis better you should go away,”
He told his hired man;
“I can no longer wages pay;
I’ll shift as best I can.”

Then said the man with beaming face:
“Do nothing half so rash;
I’ll take a mortgage on your place,
And never ask for cash.”

’Twas so agreed; the years rolled round;
The farmer prosperous grew,
Till at the end of five he found
His man had prospered too.

For then it was, his wage to pay,
The man he hired chose
To let the farmer go away,
The mortgage to foreclose.

“Why be,” the farmer said, “so rash?
I’ll tell you what I’ll do—
A mortgage take—not asking cash—
And stay and work for you.”

Now each five years they alternate.
Whoe’er the farm did own,
Farmer and man cooperate,
And both have prosperous grown.

HOW MAN CAME TO BE LORD OF CREATION

Adam and Eve their first day spent
In comfort and in great content.
Until at last the sun sank low,
When Adam cried,—“I told you so;
I said the sun would not stick fast—
That times were quite too good to last.”
The sun went down. Poor little Eve
Began at once to weep and grieve.
“Shut up,” bawled Adam, “Come, let’s run;
We must make haste and catch the sun.”

Said Eve unto her stouter mate,—
“I think perhaps we’d better wait;
You know experience we lack;
No doubt the sun will soon come back.”
But Adam gave his head a toss,
And scowled: “Remember I am boss.”
So off they set, as Adam guessed
(While poor Eve trusted him) due west.
On on they ran, the man and mate,
Along a line he thought was straight.

But as folks will who compass lack,
They turned about upon their track.
Till, when poor Eve was almost dead,
They saw a glimmer far ahead;
And when their strength had almost ceased,
Saw the sun rising—in the east.
“What did I tell you?” Adam cried;
“’Tis well on me that you relied;
’Tis well indeed all night we’ve run;
Now see at last we’ve caught the sun.”

PART V
JUVENILE

NAN'S WHITE WORLD

At our window on the hill,
Sometimes talking, sometimes still,
Sat my little girl and I
Looking at the wintry sky.
While the breath of frosty air
Swung the maples brown and bare,
And across the valley rolled
All the moonbeams' wealth of gold,
Touching with a wondrous glow
Hill and valley robed in snow.

Winters two and summers three,
Wise a baby could not be,
So she asked me there that night:—
What makes all the world so white?
Of the moonlight and the cold,
And the snowy world I told.
Now the world seems white to you,
Little Nan with heart so true,
And the rays of wonder throw
Only glory on the snow.

Yet beyond the mountains tall
Long black shadows eastward fall.
When my baby lies asleep
O'er the earth those shadows creep.
Though your father's arms divide
Warmth within from cold outside,
Soon enough the gold is lost
In the shadow and the frost,
For your baby footsteps go
Soon enough across the snow.

Long we cannot linger still
At our window on the hill.
By what trouble, at what cost
Shall your own white world be lost?
Trouble comes—oh! come it will—
In some valley deep and chill;
By what mountain, in what spot
It shall meet you know I not;
By what shadow overcast
Shall the glory go at last?

When the shadows eastward fall,
“Father! Father!” you may call.
When the bitter tears shall rain,
You may call, and call in vain.
In your trouble if I hear,
I will come and help you, dear.
Though in vain you call to me,
Where your straying feet may be,
There is One who watches still,
At His window, on His hill.

CLEMATIS

Over the cottage porch, and around
The lattice windows a-near the ground,
Drooping low, like a bridal veil,
Clematis burgeoned with blossoms pale.
When the day was warm and the air was still,
It gleamed like a beacon upon the hill.
Of its pallid blossoms the wind made use
To flaunt and flutter its flag of truce,
And the sentinel flower's perfume rare
Challenged the darkness:—"Who comes there?"

This year with Clematis foolish May,
Because she was jealous, would not play.
Winter perhaps had been too severe,
Or April spoiled this child of the year;
For all of a sudden May grew cold;
She whispered low to the dun-brown mold;
She called to the cloud:—"Refrain! Refrain!
"Nor kiss the vine with your gladdening rain;"
So the children of Nature danced away,
Resolved with Clematis not to play.

Clematis, grieved by the mocking tune,
Buried her face in the lap of June.
But after the summer had passed away
September, sister to foolish May,
To little, troubled Clematis came;
She said to the children:—"Oh! for shame!
She plead with the sun; the dew-drops told;
She whispered low to the dun-brown mold;
She called to the cloud:—"Again, again,
Come kiss the vine with your lips of rain."

Then all through October brave and bright,
Clematis burgeoned with tufts of white.
The banners of truce came flaunting then;
The beacon gleamed on the hill again,
And the sentinel flower's perfume rare
Challenged the darkness:—"Who comes there?"
But jealous now was the dun-brown mold;
The lips of rain of the cloud were cold;
Cold was the wind and cold was the sun;
Playtime was over; the wrong was done.

I wonder when out of her window, May
Shall see the trouble she made in play,
If tears—vain tears—of regret shall flow
Because of the doing of long ago.
Then pity poor May, and pity us all
Who mourn for mischief beyond recall.
September can never for May be true,
Nor age the doing of youth undo.

BUMBLE WORDS

Once on a time, as I understand,
There lived a race—a peculiar band,—
The little people of Funnyland.

They were indeed a singular folk,
For every time that anyone spoke,
A word amiss—if only in joke,

Out of their mouths, as all agree,
(Don't you wish you'd been there to see?)
There flew a terrible bumble-bee.

Whenever was said a saucy word,
Whenever a grumbling sound was heard,
This very wonderful thing occurred;

And the bumble-bee would fly away,
With nothing to do the livelong day
But sting the children and spoil their play.

And Oh! whenever the children lied,
Of a sudden their mouths would open wide,—
A terrible buzzing be heard inside,—

And out the bumble-bees would come,
A swarm at a time, with a horrible hum,
Stinging the little people dumb.

They not only stung the lass or lad,
Whichever it was had been so bad,
But all the others; 'twas very sad.

Now what should Funnyland children do,
Stung by bumble-words black and blue?
Stop saying the words, I think, don't you?

So please remember that thoughts are things,
And bumble-words have terrible stings,
When they fly away with words for wings.

THE LAND OF UPSIDE DOWN

A little girl lived in Funnytown,
In the curious country of Upsidedown.
She had hair on her feet and toes on her head,
And never in all her life went to bed;
For (would you believe such a thing could occur?)
The bed had a habit of coming to her.

She had plenty to eat, but grew quite stout
Because of dainties she went without.
And what do you think those dainties were?—
And what of a girl who would prefer
To let a saucer of ice cream spoil
While she begged for more of the castor-oil?

There were lots of other curious things:
The birds had hoofs and the horses wings;
There were Maltese cows and Alderney cats,
And folks wore rubbers in place of hats;
The water was dry and the fire was wet,—
The queerest country that ever was yet.

LITTLE COLUMBUS

With mamma's loving kisses blest
The little ship went sailing west—
From Drowsy-port across the deep
Of night's mysterious ocean-sleep,
 Saluted from the loving fort
Of mamma's lips in Drowsy-port:—
 Good night! Good night!

So sailed the little craft away
To the new continent of day,
With mamma (blessings be for her)
To speed the morn's discoverer,
 Saluted from the loving fort
Of those dear lips in Drowsy-port:—
 Good night! Good night!

“TO MAKE YOU WISE”

I saw some children the other day
Out in the garden hard at play;
And by the window curtains hid,
I watched what the little children did.

They sat in a row on the summer grass,
And one, the oldest, a pretty lass,
Said, “Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
I’ll give you something to make you wise.”

So,—mouth wide open and eyes tight shut,
Into each little mouth was something put;—
Something that everyone liked quite well—
Some candy, I guess, or a caramel;

For each little one when it had its bite,
Jumped up laughing in great delight.
If it hadn’t been good they’d been wry-faced;
And it doesn’t require good sight to taste.

What a pity it is as we older grow
That we can’t go on trusting the others so;
That we older ones, if we would be wise,
“Must shut our mouth and open our eyes.”

THE CRITICS

Would you be a poet?—
Write as heart dictates;—
Never stop to reason;—
He will fail who waits.

When your verse is finished
Read it to your chum;
He will say most likely;—
“Bully boy, by gum!”

Show it to your mother,
She will weep and praise;—
“Son, I ne’er expected
Rapture like to-day’s.”

Show it to your sister.—
Will she praise you? No;
She’ll be madly jealous
For her scribbling beau.

Let your teacher see it,
He will growl;—“I guess
Boys with an afflatus
Seldom reach success.”

Give it to your father
(If you’ve got the gall);
He will say;—“You’re not so
Stupid after all.”

Give it—No, I’m hasty,—
Try to sell, I mean;
Send it, neatly copied,
To some magazine.

Editors have wisdom—
That's well understood;—
If they pay cash for it
Then it's really good.

RECOGNITION

Did they know him? Not at first—
Not at first and not for long,
Tho the early strain that burst
Was his best and bravest song.

Now you know him, go and find—
Go and find and tell him so;—
Tell him one at least was blind
To have seen and not to know.

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